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INSTITUTE SCHOOLS  
MAGAZINE.

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WITH the present number, for the third time in two years, this Magazine changes hands. Messrs. Brown and Long, at the beginning of the present term, came to the conclusion that they would be unable to continue that joint editorship, which for the past twelve months has reflected such honour on both of them. They therefore tendered their resignation to the Society at the first meeting of the session, and the present editors were subsequently elected. It will, no doubt, be noticed, with some surprise, that one of these latter is an Old Boy, and it may be as well to state here that it was only after repeated efforts to induce a second editor to come forward from the School that he accepted the post. It is hoped that, at any rate, one advantage will accrue from having an Old Boy on the staff, namely, the continuation of the Magazine after May, with the advent of which month school editors are compelled to relinquish their duties on account of the Oxford.

Since our last number was issued in May a very eventful five months have intervened. The cricket season instead of being, as then, at its beginning, has reached its close, yielding in the inexorable cycle of pastime to football; chess has succeeded tennis, and, last, but by no means least,

preparation for the Oxford of '89 has taken the place of preparation for the Oxford of '88.

Concerning this Oxford of '88, how splendidly the Institute came out! Burn, with his magnificent list of distinctions, takes the first place in England, and only slightly inferior to him comes Dale; then Long, Barnett, Chisholm, and many others, help to swell the imposing list of successes which has so gladdened all our hearts in this year of grace. "Bravo! bravo!" say we, and we haven't the heart to bore you with the beautiful lecture which we had carefully prepared for the occasion, the skeleton of which began in this way—"Nevertheless—intoxication of the moment—enervate—rather spur us on—fresh efforts—and so forth." We will, however, give you the last word, a lecture in itself—EXCELSIOR!

A. M. KER,  
EDWARD J. PHILLIPS, } JOINT EDITORS.



L. I. L. D. S.

The first ordinary meeting of the session was held on October 1st, 1888. The business of the evening was a debate opened by W. H. Chisholm, opposed by H. E. Long, "Is military renown a fit subject for ambition?" After a brief discussion, the vote was taken, and resulted in a majority for the affirmative of 2.

On October 8th, Dale read a paper on "Glaciers," in which he described very fully these rivers of ice. After a few critical remarks by Long, Nolan, and Burn, the meeting adjourned.

On October 15th, a debate took place between Burn and Ewart, "Is slavery a greater evil than war?" In the ensuing discussion almost every member spoke, and the vote showed a majority for the affirmative (Burn) of 6.

On October 22nd, Lloyd Williams, being unable to give his paper, Nolan very kindly gave a paper on "Pompeii," in which he ably described the chief characteristics of that ancient city. After a short discussion, in which Long, Phillips, and Burn took part, the proceedings terminated.

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LEARNING THE VIOLIN.

"FOR delicate beauty of tone, for exquisite modulation from *forte* to *piano*, for ability to express all the emotions of the soul, &c., &c., no instrument can approach it." That's the first sentence in my instruction book—or, rather, part of the first sentence—for, as I have indicated, it is continued half way down the

next page in much the same strain. It is not my intention to dispute the above. I dare say the man who wrote it is up to the average as regards truth and honesty, and that his rhapsody is the outcome of perfect sincerity. Nevertheless, he has much to answer for. If the gentle reader will bear with me a minute or two he will see why.

I am, as I remarked in these pages some months past\*, a law student. As such I have a good deal of time on my hands, and, since there is not much opportunity for the enjoyment of social life in a large town where one does not know a soul except one's landlady, I am often at a loss how to employ it.

Being musical, what was more natural than that I should wish to play some instrument? The question was, What should the said instrument be? I was deterred from the piano by the performances of my landlady's daughter, who daily thumped out, with praiseworthy regularity, selections from the "Mikado" and "Patience" on a venerable instrument, which might have got damp during the Flood and never undergone tuning since. Wind instruments were prohibited on account of my lungs. I was thus mercifully preserved from the flute and piccolo. The banjo smacked of the imitation negro tribe, and I was finally reduced to the violin. Still I should have been in doubt about this if I had not, while strolling along a street in town, caught sight of the sentence with which this veracious narrative opens. It captivated me on the instant, and I determined to possess myself of a violin ere the week was out. I had no idea what the instrument would cost, and remembered, in a hazy sort of way, reading in an old *Tit Bits* that a Stradivarius had been sold for £300 or thereabouts; but I was not at all anxious to purchase such an instrument, unless, indeed, its price were greatly reduced. As a matter of fact, my surplus cash did not greatly exceed £5, for which sum, however, my half-crown tutor informed me "a very respectable instrument can be obtained." I accordingly boldly entered a very swell-looking musical establishment one afternoon, and stated my requirements with as *nonchalant* an air as I could muster to one out of a dozen young men who embellished the counter, without, seemingly, having any other occupation. "You want a Fiddle, sir?" Great Pan! could I believe my ears? A *Fiddle!* "No, sir," I said magnificently, "I do not want a Fiddle; I require a Violin." He seemed much abashed by my implied rebuke, and turned aside hurriedly—to hide his shame, of course. All his *confreres* tittered at his lack of culture, and it was some time before he returned, very red in the face, with one of the coveted instruments in his hands. "Here you are, sir, a real 'Duke.'" I said I was very glad to hear it. I hadn't the remotest idea who Mr. Duke was, but it would never have done to exhibit my ignorance to a counter-jumper. "Would you like to examine it, sir?" he said, seeing me silent, for to tell the truth I had got just a trifle nervous about having to inspect that curious looking instrument in the presence of so many strangers.

\* "An Old Homer." Chap. I.

If I could have prevailed on the assistant to pack up any instrument he chose in a parcel, and let me have it without any hypocritical fuss, I should have felt devoutly thankful. Still, I knew that such a transaction would have exposed me to the sarcastic criticism of those awful young men who lined the shops on both sides, so I was obliged to answer his repeated query in the affirmative. "Yes-es; oh yes, of course," I said desperately. I took the thing up gingerly, endeavoured to peer through the sound holes, and said doubtfully (*i. e.*, professionally), "Yes, I think that will suit me, although it's hardly—well, never mind, I'll take that one." "I can show you plenty more, sir, if that isn't to your liking. Perhaps you are not quite satisfied with its tone?" Was the wretch laughing at me? I hadn't dared touch the strings, for I had a vague dread that they would break if handled by a non-player. "Oh, yes? it will do very well indeed," I said testily. "Kindly pack it up; I haven't my case here at present." (It is quite true, I hadn't—nor anywhere else, for the matter of that.) He did it up, carelessly enough, in brown paper, receipted the bill, and motioned the "Buttons" to open the door. Just as I was going, he said, "Perhaps you would like a bow, sir?" "Oh, yes, how—stup—ah, I—er; yes, I think I'd better take a new one." (This latter remark I am sorry to say *à la* Father Garnett.) He offered me one; I pretended to examine it, and got out of the shop as quickly as was consistent with my dignity.

I hurried home with my precious violin under my arm, and having partaken of a nondescript meal, of which the most prominent items were tough steak and day-before-yesterday coffee, I proudly opened my tutor, read over the instructions as to position, &c., tightened my bow, and got ready generally for Exercise I. As I did so, I heard stealthy steps outside my door, and a smile of triumph flitted over my face. The Pied Piper could attract children when he played, but I could attract my landlady and her daughter (not by any means children) ere I had given forth a note. I have said a smile of triumph passed over my face. It was but momentary. What on earth was the matter with the thing? It wouldn't make a sound. I scraped and scraped and scraped; in vain I read the instructions over again. Perhaps I had missed something out. No. My chin was right. I was nearly breaking my left arm in order to "get a command over the finger-board." I was holding the bow in a "natural and graceful manner," quite as naturally and gracefully, at all events, as the young man who acted as a model in the tutor. The bridge was over the sound-post, and the strings weren't more than a semitone out. What could be the matter? After another desperate attempt, I was obliged to give it up. It was disheartening, especially when one had to endure the insane giggle and small covert sarcasm of those two creatures at the keyhole. Despair gave way to rage, and I determined to have it out with that sniggering assistant—aye, and all his *confreeres*—as soon as I could get into town. Sleep didn't cool my nerves at all, and, after my morning grind, I tore away as hard as I could to give that young man what for.

When I entered the shop again it was crowded with customers, and it was

some little time before I marked my man. At length, however, I saw him in the act of towing two customers out. Up I went to him, and, in order to add to his shame, spoke sufficiently loud to be heard by every one in the shop. "What did you mean by selling me such an instrument as this, when you knew perfectly well it wouldn't play a note?" "You astonish me, sir; it's one of the best fiddles at the price we have." ("Fiddles" again—ugh!) "Listen!" and he played "Nelly Bly" on the finger-board. "Oh, of course, I could play it with my fingers, but try it with the bow." He just drew the bow across once, causing a scrape very like my own efforts. Then he looked at the strings, then at the bow, then at me, and then at the strings again. He pulled a stool towards him, sat down, pulled out a handkerchief, and then started an alarming apoplectic laugh, which continued till everybody in the shop crowded round him to see what was the matter. I went hot and cold. It was a most unpleasant situation for a somewhat bashful law student; but a sense of injustice still rankled in my bosom, and I asked the purple-faced creature before me, in an authoritative tone, how he dared play such a trick on me. "Bless you, sir," he said, gasping, "I didn't play no trick on you; you've actually gone and—he, he, he, he! oh, my poor sides—*forgot the resin!*" I shudder when I think what shrieks of inhuman laughter followed me as I rushed from that accursed shop. I have had no peace of mind since. My self-satisfaction is no more, and my musical ambition is blasted for ever.

HERMES.

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EN PASSANT.

WITH the exception of one or two fellows in the 6th form there is scarcely anyone in the school who would remember R. L. Millard who died a month ago, after a long illness. If I am not mistaken he never entered the highest form, but left from the fifth to begin that commercial career which has, alas, proved so brief. Although at school he was never particularly brilliant, his position in the Honour List was always good, and he has left behind him the record of a life as blameless as it was gentle.

I am sure you will be sorry to hear of the very serious accident which has befallen our old friend Grundy. Some weeks past he fainted in the church at Abergele, where he had gone for his holidays, and, falling, struck his head a violent blow against a pillar. For some time he was in a really critical condition, but now, I am glad to say, he is gradually regaining strength, though, I fear, it will still be some time ere we see him about again.

Here is a good story, which is all the better for being true. Scene: Office of a Liverpool newspaper. Editor's secretary discovered writing. Enter clerk connected with a certain Liverpool school. Clerk, *lq.*, "Could you be so kind as to insert this notice of our successes in the recent Oxford Local Examinations?" Secretary (Old Institute Boy): "Humph! rather a small list for such a school, isn't it?" Clerk: "Well, you see we only sent these boys in to compete with the Institute, and I may say that *we've smashed them utterly* (with emphasis)." Secretary (with an open-to-correction air): "I was under the impression that a boy from the Institute was first in England." Clerk: "Well, yes; there was one fellow, Burn his name was, but, except him—absolutely nowhere you know." Secretary: "Ah! I

thought a boy named Dale was second in England." Clerk: "No, I—er don't remember the name." Secretary: "I also thought that two fellows named Long and Barnett came before your man." Clerk: "I, of course—er don't recollect the minor—that is—at least—er—well, good morning, sir, and I am sure you will do what you can for us." Exit Clerk. Secretary indulges in a gentle smile.

It is whispered—I know not on what authority—that a certain Old Boy is busily engaged in writing a burlesque for the L.I.L.D.S' next "do." I don't know the title, but those who have read the rough sketch tell me that it ought to take immensely. However this may be, I think that the evolution of a dramatist out of an Institute boy is so rare an event that when it does occur, it ought to be encouraged.

I have just been shown a number of the *Portcullis*—the journal which emanates from the King's Grammar School, Warwick. It is well got up on the whole, and contains a readable article here and there. It is headed by an imposing-looking specimen of the article of furniture from which it takes its name. I think, however, that the *L.I.S.M.* will compare favourably with it on the ground of intrinsic merit alone, without taking into account the fact that the *Portcullis* costs more than three times as much as the *L.I.S.M.* JANUS.

#### ON NOVELS.

"Studies," saith the learned Bacon, "serve for pastimes, ornaments, and abilities." The modern novel, I fear, belongs only to the first category. Now, there are many kinds of novels. There is the yellow-backed threepenny one, usually adorned externally with a hideous woodcut, bristling with horror and adventure, and much beloved by tallow chandlers' errand boys, as well as the three volumes of sickly sentimentality so dear to the fashionable feminine heart. Then there is the penny novelette, much affected by the genus *Aucilla Domestica*, or domestic servant, according to which all mankind is to be divided into two great classes—the Apollo-like lord, and the villain.

Now of late years taste has been changing. The genuine novel-reading class now demands stronger food. The public that is, the respectable public that reads respectable works—has got tired of inane drivelling, of slobbery gush, and has rushed to the opposite extreme of thrilling sensationalism. This want has been just supplied by writers of general blood-and-thunder works like Mr. Rider Haggard, who, whatever his faults may be is still a gentleman and a scholar. But the public, only half satisfied, still gapes for more, with its mouth wide open, like a brood of half-fledged sparrows, and at length a so-called novel has been thrown into it which calls for a few remarks. I refer to that work, "Mr. Barnes of New York."

This thing has a plot and characters, which latter are supposed to be gentlemen and ladies, but are either ridiculously conventional and common-place or astonishingly vulgar. The leading motive is obviously plagiarised. But plagiarism, or literary theft, is frequently pardoned; some authors have a heroic way of defending themselves. Somebody (I forget who) once charged the late Charles Reade with having stolen certain passages from his Australian travels in order to use them for "Never Too Late to Mend." Reade replied, "My dear fellow, I know I did; you ought to be thankful for it—everything I touch I adorn." The fault of the novel lies not in the plagiarism, but in the consequences of it. The story deals mainly with Corsica and Corsicans. Our author has stolen an idea from M<sup>r</sup>imée, who understood the Corsican character perfectly. But does our author do the same? Not he. Nay, more; incredible as it may seem, he does not even *know Italian!* Yet, having Italian characters, he makes them use

Italian phrases and ejaculations. Italian phrases, did I say? Utter gibberish, rather. Aristophanes makes Hercules jabber a barbarous jargon, which is quite as correct. The few genuine Italian words are stolen from somewhere. What thinkest thou, gentle reader, of this? He calls a Corsican *Tomasso!* Fancy an Italian writer calling an English character *Johannes!* And this book has been well received—nay, dramatised! Oh, misguided critics, where were your eyes?

#### ON A SAILOR, BURIED IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCHYARD.

No yielding turf is laid above thy lead,  
No fragrant flowers from thine ashes spring,  
No blythesome birds their carols o'er thee sing,  
Nor on thy grave are tears of memory shed.  
Ah, no! For thee no peaceful rest; instead,  
A mighty city's busy strife and brawl  
Incessant, and the noisy, heedless fall  
Of feet on thee and on thy fellow-dead;  
Far better ha'st thou sunk beneath the deep—  
Beneath that deep thou hadst so often ploughed—  
And there have slept thy calm eternal sleep  
Free from the fretting Babel of this crowd,  
Released from toiling, from all care set free,  
Imprisoned only by the boundless sea.

HERMES.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the *Liverpool Institute Schools Magazine*.

GENTLEMEN,—The present seems an appropriate time to call attention to the wonderful increase in the opportunities afforded us for recreation which has taken place during the past year. That time ago the Institute boasted of an exceedingly weak cricket eleven, and a rather suspicious football fifteen (suspicious because it had always to be strengthened by a strong contingent of O'd, very Old, Boys) Now, however, all is changed. We had last season a vastly improved XI, whose captain was chosen to lead the Liverpool Schools v. the Manchester Schools, an honour which has not been accorded us for many years. True it is that he is not an ideal cricket captain, who stays away from every Saturday match in order to get home an hour or two earlier, but still, despite this little peculiarity, Bostock shewed that he had a decided knack for making runs when he did honour the XI. with his captaincy. Fountain, too, is a very good, fast bowler, who can hit as well, and the same may be said of our lively friend J. J. Williams. More miraculous however than the improvement in our cricket is the formation of a tennis club. The writer could hardly believe his ears when he heard of it, and he was agreeably surprised when he strolled up to the court at Wavertree one day to see the good form shewn by some of the members. Henderson is a really excellent player, who would add to the strength of any club, and Burn with his 'demon' serve (which, by-the-way, Brown imitates very well), and Burroughs with his neat and graceful play come, perhaps, next in order of merit. Messrs. Ewart, Shearer, and Brown are not far behind, and Phillips, considering that he never handled a racquet till this year, plays tolerably, although his little peculiarity of hitting balls clean out of the ground is not to be commended. Lett, Dale, and Jenkins are, all of them, promising players, and Long's serves are most edifying. By-the-way, speaking of the tennis club, what a splendid secretary Burroughs made. The regularity of his attendance was something marvellous, especially during the tournament, and the supply of balls never flagged, except, of course, on one or two unimportant occasions, when some member

was obliged to journey from Wavertree to Bedford-street in order to obtain the balls which the thoughtful and considerate secretary had left at his house previous to departing on a bicycle tour. But our list of novelties is by no means complete. In addition to tennis, swimming and chess clubs have been started, the former of which was very successful, and there is no reason to doubt that the latter will have a like fate—a result which will be in a great measure due to the assiduous care with which Mr. Wright has tended that most delicate of plants, Institute Chess.

I should have liked to have said something about the football team, but I fear, if I do, that my long letter will have grown too cumbersome to be inserted, so I must refrain from saying anything, save wishing the fifteen a prosperous season, including of course the capture of the coveted shield—Yours, etc.,  
C. I. F. S.



### THOUGHTS ON THE 6<sup>TH</sup> FORM BY A JUNIOR.

I do not like the 6th. They are cads. There is one lanky fellow with goggles who is a fool. He upset me the other day. What a lot of red-headed fellows there are in it. There is that lumpy ass with the squeaky voice, but I will not expose his name. You might think that, because they are in the sixth, they are good in school; this is a mistake. The black book always has a column for them now. There one who grunts and says things like "Seemingly," "Doubtless," &c. He wants a penny for a shave badly. To look at him you would think he never washed his face. Everybody knows the "Bull of Bashan;" he is a fat chap, with a red face and round head like a Dutch cheese. I suppose the reason why he is good at football is that his head is as hard as cheese. There are two boys (won't they be mad at that) who try to put their noses into their waistcoat pockets. One of them wears goggles and also wants a shave, and the other ought to wear specs, because he always has to shut his eyes when he wants to see anything; this may seem wrong, but it is quite true. There will be great sorrow in the 6th this winter. We have hot-water pipes now, and so they cannot fight to get next to the fire. I don't think the 6th are up to much now; they always used to do so well in the Oxford that we got a holiday, but this year we haven't had one. I am afraid they don't swot as much as they ought to. I hope the Editor will put this in, because, you know, the 6th used to write nearly all the *Magazine*, and then, of course, they made themselves out great swells; but they aren't really, though they do have stand-up collars and gloves, and some of them have sticks on half-holidays. I've seen some of them smoke, too. I don't like smoking much; I tried once, but I have given it up since. I cannot collar any more paper now, so I must say "So long."  
ARGUS.



### OVERHEARD IN A SCRIMMAGE.

Don't shove yet! *Put the ball in!* Will you let go of my legs? Now, **INSULTUTE!** Push up, you fellows! Oh! Look out behind there! Heel out you fools! I say, none of that! Take your hands off! Would you mind not chewing my ear? Oh, stop that hacking, you cad! Man **D-O-W-N!** (N.B.—This ends with a fearful shriek, which is nipped at its shrillest point by six fellows on the chest of the unlucky victim.)



Owing to the great pressure on our space, our Football notes are unavoidably held over this month.